

ledge these C. A. M. C. chaps have! At every dressing station and hospital I visited I was again forced to divulge all my family history. It was worse than the Literature paper on the Entrance Exam.

When the orderly was finally convinced that I was a Canadian and a Christian, I was laid on a table for the M. O.'s inspection. This I am still trying to forget. First there was an injection of anti-tetanus dope. If there are any known anti-disease germs that I have not sampled since joining this army, I should like to meet them. He then made a flank attack on my wounded arm. This was not so bad but when he decided to improve on the way the Heinies had set my leg, I began to dislike him. What he did to that leg I shall never know, but I can assure you, Ben, that though I was cold when I entered that dug-out, before my leg was dressed and splinted I was perspiring freely.

The next stage of the journey was made on a sort of double-decked handcar. The fellow beside me on the lower deck was shot through the chest. He spoke joyously of the prospect of a "cusky" rest in Blighty. Poor chap, his wound was worse than he thought and he did not live to the end of our journey.

I can only dimly recall what happened after this. I remember leaving the handcar and being placed in an ambulance. French roads (in war time) are rough. I think this ambulance was built by Henry Ford. My splintered leg seemed to stick out a yard beyond the car and every jolt threw my disabled arm against the side, but I ground my teeth and held on. One of the passengers—a Heinie—was less patient. He was very sorry for himself and knew enough English to express his disapproval of the conveyance. But he was interrupted in his whining by a Canadian Kiltie with an Irish brogue, who leaned over the edge of his stretcher and glared fiercely at the Boscche. From that moment Heinie became a model of silent endurance.

At last the ambulance stopped. I was carried into a hospital with real nurses and beds with white sheets and pillows. Did they put me into one of those beds? Not at first, Benny. You see my manner of life had been somewhat unconventional during the preceding weeks. I had not washed my face for three days and our last bathing parade was held on March 17. So a C. A. M. C. fellow spread a ground-sheet somewhat tenderly over the bed and placed me on this. With a pair of scissors they cut off what was left of my uniform and went at me with Sunlight soap and water. Then I was pronounced ready for the operating room. This was my first visit to the "Pictures." Apparently I have made a hit with the surgeons for they have had me down four times since. There is really nothing to write concerning it. You are carried in state by two white-coated C. A. M. C. chaps. An M. O. questions you cheerfully regarding our chances of winning the war and, before you have time to reply, claps a rubber mask on your face and invites you to take long breaths. This you do. When you awaken you find yourself back in bed with an orderly busy wiping your mouth. In spite of his kindly instructions you are not happy. Not even the cheerful cry "Supper up" can arouse in you any interest in life.

Your loving brother,

DUNC.